

Alamo —  
and  
Other Verses



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# ALAMO

AND

## OTHER VERSES

*"From the desert I come to thee"*

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EDWARD McQUEEN GRAY  
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EDWARD McQUEEN GRAY

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Parue nec inuideo sine me liber ibis in urbem

Hei mihi quo domino non licet ire tuo.

Uade liber uerbisque meis loca grata saluta

Contingam certe quo licet illa pede.

Longa uia est propera nobis habitabitur orbis

Ultimus a terra terra remota mea.





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## PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

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## TO AMERICA: PROEM.

Chief daughter of a lordly race,  
The eldest-born and mightiest thou,  
Freedom is in thy step, and grace  
Is on thy brow.

Lo, where thy spreading garments sweep  
From icy North to torrid South,  
Atlantic and Pacific leap  
To kiss thy mouth.

From keys where endless summer burns,  
Land that of seasons knows but one,  
To yon dim Cape that vainly yearns  
For sight of sun.

About thy head the icebergs meet,  
Near neighbour of the frozen sea;  
The Gulfstream bathes thy burning feet  
And smiles at thee.

Before the rising sun can gild  
The edge of thy Pacific Slope,  
Thy Eastern noon has seen fulfilled  
The morning's hope.

The weary day has sunk to rest  
Long since on thy Atlantic shores;  
Yet still on Catalina's crest  
The sunlight pours.

Among thy sons I see thee stand,  
Thy firm dominion none assails;  
Across a thousand leagues of land  
Thy word prevails.



Amid the blaze imperial  
Of high and haughty dynasty  
I see thee pass, thy coronal  
Simplicity.

Unvanquished Virgin of the West!  
Undaunted daughter of the Dawn!  
Remember that from England's breast  
Thy milk was drawn.

We blame thee not that thou didst cast  
The hand that would restrain away,  
And deemed the rule that held thee fast  
A tyrant's sway.

We bear no grudge that thou didst win  
The fight that left thy nation free;  
Our hearts were with thee then, thy kin  
Approved of thee.

Yet think not short-lived injuries  
Endured a while, avenged at last,  
Outweigh the glorious centuries  
Together passed.

Partaker in our ancient fame,  
Our history thy heritage,  
The herald scrolls of England claim  
Thy lineage.

Thou art a sister of the Blood;  
Thou art a daughter of the House;  
Great offspring of a giant brood,  
Thy heart arouse:

Upon the shore thy brothers stand,  
Thy mother looks across the sea;  
Sister, step forth and take the hand  
She offers thee.

Forgotten be the former feud,  
Remembered not the bitter score,  
Be mutual love and faith renewed  
For evermore.

. . . . .

Cousin—for thou no colder name  
From lips of mine shalt ever hear—  
Behold, I come to thee and claim  
A word of cheer.

## ALAMO.

A lurid lustre cast  
Upon the page of Time  
Displays a dismal past  
Of havoc and a sight  
Of sacrifice sublime,  
Of heroes burning bright  
With patriotic fire;  
A solemn funeral pyre.

That holy ground, that sacred sod,  
Where once the Mission fathers trod  
And humbly knelt before their God,  
More sacred, holier far  
Became when streamed the crimson flood  
Of patriots who for freedom stood,  
And stained thy altar with their blood,  
Antonio de Bexar.

A peaceful convent stood  
Within a precinct wall;  
Where once the cottonwood  
Its grateful shadow gave,  
The Mission bell would call  
Comanche squaw and brave  
To worship and to prayer;  
What thought of bloodshed there?  
Yet stricken field has never seen  
A sterner shock, a fight more keen,  
More ruthless, than the final scene  
Thy ruined walls can show,  
When those whose souls' heroic flame  
Opposing thousands could not tame,  
In death immortalized thy name,  
Memorial Alamo.

Though spring had hardly shown  
Her face upon the land,  
Her harbingers had blown

The sullen winter north.  
By southern breezes fanned  
A warmer air put forth,  
All nature with its breath  
To wake to life from death.  
So Texas woke, the tyrant's chain  
Regarding with a high disdain,  
Upon her country's sons in pain  
Called loud for aid, and then  
From east to west the answer rang,  
To arms the fearless Texan sprang,  
The land resounded with the clang  
And tramp of armed men.

Alas, that sunshine brief  
The chord had scarcely stirred  
Of happiness, when grief  
The champaign overspread.  
A wintry blast was heard;  
Down dropped the lily dead;

Upon the land below  
Lay like a pall the snow.  
Devoted Texas! swiftly passed  
That day of joy, and with the blast  
Of chill defeat that overcast  
Thy sky of hope, a foe  
That knew no mercy, honour none,  
Inhuman cut-throats every one,  
Moved on to train the deadly gun  
On San Antonio.

The tale were long to tell  
Of Spanish tyranny;  
By Mexican as well  
The Texan settler crushed  
Demanded liberty  
In vain, then fiercely rushed  
Upon the foe, in flame  
And sword his nation's name  
To vindicate, and prove again

The sons of Norman, Saxon, Dane,  
That swept the Spaniard from the main  
    And cast him on the strand,  
As dauntless were and reckless still,  
As fit to curb the Spaniards' will,  
And make him humbly own their skill  
    In battle on the land.

Within a space of days  
Scarce thought upon, so swift  
They passed, the victor's bays  
Had graced each warrior's brow.  
Short was the tyrant's shrift;  
A day of triumph now  
The patriots had won;  
For them still shone the sun.  
Then first the Texan's haughty foe  
Beheld amid his overthrow  
The flag he later learned to know  
    Too well, when from Bexar



His sullen squadrons backward drew,  
And flauntingly flung forth to view,  
Blazed out upon a field of blue  
Alone, a golden star.

The men that gathered there  
Were heroes one and all;  
Was naught they would not dare  
To do in freedom's cause;  
Adventurers we call  
Those who but Nature's laws  
Obey, and scorn man's creed;  
Yet in the hour of need  
Such men as those have saved a state;  
They dare to challenge death and fate,  
Like that old man who from debate  
And council breaking free,  
Cried, laying bare his locks of snow,  
" With old Ben Milam who will go  
Right into San Antonio?  
Up, boys, and follow me!"

That gallant fighter led  
Three hundred such as he;  
Among the deathless dead  
Who paid for victory  
His name will ever be  
A living memory;  
And Texas still shall tell  
The spot where Milam fell.

Four days, four nights, the fighting sped,  
From house to house the foemen fled,  
The streets were cumbered with the dead

In San Antonio:

Till on the fifth, in headlong flight  
Hurled from the plaza, in affright  
The foe fell back, and banner white  
Disgraced the Alamo.

The victory was won,  
The struggle overpast;  
And ere the set of sun

The Mexican command  
Departing, from the last  
Of tyrants freed the land.  
The young republic rose  
Victorious o'er her foes.  
Then, Texas, in thy triumph's hour,  
From San Fernando's belfry tower  
Rang out a chime that swept with power  
To Mission Concepción:  
Then San José and far San Juan  
Took up the peal and passed it on,  
Till San Francisco's bastion  
Reëchoed with the tone.

On distant Mexico  
The news of her disgrace  
Fell like a sudden blow.  
The tyrant deeply swore  
To extirpate the race  
Of rebels and in gore

To wipe away the shame  
Of downfall from the name  
Of that mixed horde whose lineage base,  
Declining from the courtly race  
That bore the Don's patrician face,  
Hidalgo and creole,  
Had reached a vile and mongrel crew,  
Mestizo convicts dark of hue,  
Besotted clods, who hardly knew  
Possession of a soul.

Four thousand men on foot  
And half as many more  
On horseback took the route  
That eastward leads below  
The Rio Grande's shore  
To San Antonio.  
The ravage of their hand  
Spread terror through the land.  
Where then was Texas? From afar

Her sons beheld the tide of war  
Roll on unchecked, nor dared to bar  
    Its passage, and the foe  
Pressed on amid the cannon's boom  
In serried ranks, while sullen gloom  
And sad presentiment of doom  
    Held San Antonio.

Some six or seven score  
Of stalwart volunteers  
The city reached before  
The enemy drew nigh.  
Men those that knew not tears,  
Stern-lipped and keen of eye;  
Theirs not to heed or care,  
Theirs but to do and dare.  
There dauntless Travis led his band,  
There Bowie made his desperate stand,  
And reckless Crockett from the land  
    Of distant Tennessee

Burst in with twelve backwoodsmen bold,  
Cast in the same heroic mould,  
And shouted, " Fellows, we've been told  
We've got to die with ye! "

Among them thought of flight  
Or fear of death was none,  
But rather fierce delight  
Through those wild spirits spread.  
What though the morrow's sun  
Should see them cold and dead?  
To them a gambler's stake  
Was life, to lose or take.  
Men call the desperado's fame  
His land's abasement, yet the same  
Fierce fire has blazed with kindred flame  
Within her noblest sons,  
When heroes rapt with courage high.  
Shoulder to shoulder, hand and eye  
Unswerving, calmly march to die  
Before the belching guns.

At midnight, while the dance  
Was at its height, a cry  
Was heard, "The foe advance!"  
And soon the rolling drum  
Proclaimed the danger nigh.  
The hour of fate had come.  
By noon the hostile van  
Had reached the Alazan,  
Where Santa Anna, with a face  
Betokening nor ruth nor grace,  
His squadrons halting for a space  
    Upon the heights that crown  
The mesa, sent abroad his fleet  
Guerrilla horse, to bar retreat  
Or hope of succour and complete  
    The leaguer of the town.

The foe came slowly on;  
The volunteers withdrew  
In order every one

Towards the Alamo.  
When Santa Anna knew  
The thrice accursed foe  
Lay thus within his gripe  
He laughed aloud, and ripe  
For slaughter, with a monster's glee  
Destruction in supreme degree  
Prepared for those who scorned to flee  
Before his motley horde,  
This mandate sending, they should take  
If aught they cared for life's sweet sake  
What terms soe'er he willed to make;  
If not, then fire and sword  
Should be the rebel's fate;  
Such was his haughty word.  
His messengers, elate  
And sure of victory  
Returning, quickly heard  
The volunteers' reply.  
Aloud the cannon spoke,  
And from the Texans broke



A shout that grandly through the blue  
Rang out from loyal hearts and true,  
And Santa Anna surely knew

His foemen one and all  
Were men in battle's burning light  
Exulting, still their souls' delight  
In freedom's cause to fiercely fight  
And fiercely fighting fall.

Such was the answer stern  
That gallant Travis gave;  
May still as brightly burn  
The fire of liberty  
Within us, and the grave  
Seem but a mockery  
Of words, a thing of naught,  
And freedom cheaply bought  
By life laid down in honour's cause,  
When to defend her soil and laws  
Our country bids us to the jaws

Of death and hell advance;  
Then, freemen, at your nation's call,  
Lay on like men, and if ye fall,  
Your country's banner be your pall,  
And count it happy chance  
To die a hero's death;  
'Tis sanctified of God;  
Short is our mortal breath,  
But an immortal life  
Is theirs who, on the sod  
A consecrated strife  
Has hallowed, for their land  
Fall by a tyrant's hand.  
To us the name of Travis still  
Stands for indomitable will  
And purpose undisturbed by chill  
Disaster or defeat;  
Immovable as some sea wall  
On which in vain the billows fall,  
He calmly wrote: "I never shall  
"Surrender or retreat."

What leader ever spoke  
A more inspiring word?  
The serf's degrading yoke  
Can never bow the necks  
Of those whose souls are stirred  
To such resolve, nor vex  
The men for whom the light  
Of freedom burning bright  
Within their hearts a guiding star  
Becomes that beckons from afar  
And leads them on, of peace and war  
    The arbiter supreme;  
Before it see the tyrant cower,  
Thrones totter, and unholy power,  
Deathstricken, shrivel like a flower  
    Beneath that scorching beam.

Twelve days unceasing falls  
The cannon's deadly shower  
Upon the Mission walls;

Yet ever undismayed  
The Texans in the hour  
Of that fierce cannonade  
Disdain the growing breach,  
And fiercely long to reach  
The craven Mexicans who lurk  
Like dogs behind the lurid murk  
Of powder-smoke and basely shirk  
The final touch of war;  
While still their foe's defiant call  
Rings bravely from the crumbling wall,  
Still floats unsullied over all  
The lonely golden star.

Will never succour come?  
Must those brave men be left  
To face a nation's scum  
Alone, and end their days  
Abandoned and bereft  
Like very castaways

Of all deliverance?

Must hopelessness enhance  
The bitterness of death, and fate  
Relentless as their foemen's hate  
Pursue them ever, and create

With its resistless power  
A severance yet more complete  
From all that makes existence sweet?  
Must they forlorn, forsaken, greet  
The final, fatal hour?

Alas! those fighters bold  
That gathered for the right  
Shall never now behold  
Another morrow's birth.  
The prevalence of might  
Is paramount on earth,  
The victory of wrong  
Is sure, for evil strong  
Encompasseth us all, the taint

Of man's corruption maketh faint  
The breath of justice, and the plaint  
    Of suffering unmeet  
Unheeded passes evermore,  
While blockish multitudes before  
Success fall prostrate and adore  
    Their idol's earthen feet.

Yet one exulting throb  
Of pride those heroes knew,  
When through the savage mob  
Of mongrel soldiery  
Burst Bonham's thirty-two  
Brave comrades with a cry  
That woke a joyous thrill  
In every heart and chill  
Abandonment's embittering sense  
Dispelled for ever, while intense  
Delight of fellowship drove thence

Their sagging doubts and fears;  
No more they felt themselves alone,  
Contentment in their faces shone,  
The shell-torn Mission's every stone  
    Reëchoed to their cheers,  
    While every soldier pressed  
    A gallant comrade's hand  
    And felt with swelling breast  
    The sense of brotherhood  
    Upholding him to stand  
    Unflinchingly, his blood  
    To shed as one who throws  
    A bauble from him, blows  
And wounds, with mangled flesh and torn,  
Contemning with the lofty scorn  
That those to noblest uses born  
    May feel for meaner souls  
Who dully drag a weary load  
Of self along the dreary road  
Of life, while greed's corroding goad  
    Their destiny controls.

Think what devotion means,  
Ye men of colder blood,  
Like theirs, who in such scenes  
As these can scorn the path  
That seems to others good  
And rather brave the wrath  
Of tyrants to the death  
Than draw a coward's breath.  
Of these devoted martyrs each  
Put safety calmly from his reach,  
Resolved inflexibly to teach  
By his life's sacrifice  
The lesson nations need to learn,  
And tyranny doth surely earn,  
The lesson that the despot stern  
Has never needed twice.

Nearer and nearer yet  
The day of trial draws;  
On tottering parapet



And crumbling Mission wall  
The shells with never pause  
From twoscore cannon fall.  
Till gaping breaches made  
By bomb and carronade  
Reveal the Texan volunteers  
To Santa Anna's cannoneers  
Replying with derisive cheers,  
Defiant to a fault.  
"What, none but these?" the Mexican  
Exclaimed, "and shall that rebel clan  
Defy me thus? Let every man  
Advance to the assault!"

All night the measured tramp  
Of marching men, the shout  
Of orders from the camp  
Was heard, and with the light  
Behind each grim redoubt  
Stood clustered troops; to right

And left, in front and rear,  
Their serried ranks appear.  
Three thousand men before that frail  
And falling bulwark, to assail  
A scant two hundred—did they quail,  
Those Texan volunteers?  
We are not told, but surely feel  
That men like those, with nerves of steel,  
In war's stern shock will never reel,  
Can never taste of fears.

Short was the breathing space;  
The trumpet sounds the charge;  
Across the deadly place  
A thousand soldiers dash.  
Like some unwieldy barge  
That drives with rending crash  
Upon a jagged rock  
And quivers at the shock

From stem to stern, then toppling back  
With starting seams and yawning crack  
Drifts helplessly to utter wrack

    Upon the ruthless beach,  
In swift discomfiture, pell mell,  
The scared battalions backward fell;  
As welcome as the mouth of hell

    To them was that torn breach  
    Where stood their dauntless foes.  
    Twice they essayed to scale  
    The parapet and close  
    The struggle, but in vain.  
    What though a flimsy rail  
    But parted them? A rain  
    Of bullets and the thrust  
    Of bowie in the dust

Laid many a soldier low; the rest,  
Like children from a hornet's nest,  
Fled shrieking, and their bastard zest

    For battle passed away;  
No stomach they for such a draught,

Of valour's cup they had not quaffed,  
They staggered; loud the Texans laughed  
To note their disarray.

“ Will not those rebels die? ”  
Cried Santa Anna, pale  
With fury as his eye  
Saw naught but broken lines  
And marked his soldiers quail.  
Shall convicts from the mines  
With freemen ever cope?  
Keep rather for the rope  
Such slaves as these, nor dare to mar  
With felon gangs the ranks of war.  
Most lovely is the honoured scar  
That tells of bravery;  
But loathliest the festered mark  
That shows the chain's corroding cark  
Has seared the spirit with the dark  
Disgrace of slavery.

At that low wall askance  
The swart mestizos gazed,  
Nor dared again advance  
Their columns to the fight.  
Their leader, less amazed  
Than maddened at the sight  
Of arrant cowardice  
That fears to jeopardize  
Its worthless life, in fury cried,  
“ My orders none has yet defied  
And lived—the issue now abide,  
    You mongrel soldiery.  
Let Sesma bid his squadrons wheel  
Behind the lines and draw the steel  
Upon these dogs, to make them feel  
    No choice but fight or die.”

Again the trumpet sounds;  
Again the fated few,  
Like stags beset by hounds,

Or lion in a snare,  
Unequal fight renew.  
Bravest of brave were they;  
Yet impotent to stay  
With wearied arm and shattered sword  
The course of that o'erwhelming horde  
That through the breach tumultuous poured  
Like ocean's swelling tide;  
The foremost fall, yet wave on wave  
Rolls in upon the vainly brave  
And sweeps them backward where the grave  
Impartial opens wide  
Its soft maternal arms  
To children of the earth,  
Who sick of wanton harms  
And unrelenting woe  
That ever from their birth  
Hath harassed them, below  
The surge of tossing life  
Sink from the bitter strife  
To slumber deep and quiet rest,

As babes upon a mother's breast  
Asleep, and lovingly caressed  
    By tender father's hand;  
At home at last, their wandering o'er,  
They find the peace on sea and shore  
Long sought in vain, and leave no more  
    The best beloved land.

The butchery begins;  
"Deguello!" is the cry;  
And Santa Anna wins  
The devil's victory.  
Ah, what availeth high  
Emprise or gallantry?  
Yet fearless to the close  
The Texans faced their foes.  
From head to foot with gore imbrued,  
Wounded to death, yet unsubdued,  
Stern Travis, by a mob pursued,  
    Defiant to the last,

Turned fiercely with unbated will  
Upon them, swung his arm to kill,  
And shouting, "God and Texas still!"  
That dauntless spirit passed.

His back against the wall,  
Towards the foe his face,  
Each Texan stood, the call  
Of freedom answering.  
To men thus dying, grace  
Divine doth surely bring  
Remission of offence  
And purge sin's consequence  
Away—earth knows no nobler end  
Of life than his who for a friend  
In need his blood will freely spend,  
'Tis sum of human love;  
And those who feed the sacred flame  
Of freedom with their blood may claim  
As surely in their country's name



Forgiveness from above  
For all their errors past.  
Grant that their lives had been  
Ignoble or unchaste:  
May not the valour shown  
In that concluding scene  
For trespasses atone  
And make their martyr blood  
Acceptable to God?

What though the butcher tyrant's ire  
Condemned their corpses to the pyre?  
The smoke that rose from that fierce fire  
    To glut the victor's spite  
Bore heavenward an incense sweet  
That floated to the judgment seat  
Of God above, and made complete  
    The sacrificial rite.

Ah, had the struggle been  
More equal, less unfair,

That day had surely seen  
An issue different.  
Had Texas heard their prayer  
And timely succour sent?  
But one against a score!  
Could gods themselves do more  
Than those foredoomed to sacrifice,  
Fast bound like falchion in a vice,  
Or ship within the polar ice  
Gripped to the bitter end?  
What serves against the grinding floe  
The strength of timbers but to show  
That heart of oak in final throe  
May break, but never bend?

Yet hold, nor idly waste  
In profitless regret  
A sigh for those who taste  
The cup of martyrdom.  
Mourn not for them, nor let

One note of sorrow come  
From trembling lips and pale,  
But rather proudly hail  
Those scions of heroic breed,  
Begotten of the self-same seed  
As those who from a prince's greed  
America set free;  
For them no tear shall ever fall,  
Be sung no dirge funereal,  
But freedom's joyous festival  
Their requiem shall be.

State of the Lonely Star!  
These heroes died for thee;  
They came from lands afar  
Thy children sore bested  
To succour and set free  
From tyranny and dread.  
They came and freely gave  
Their blood thy land to save.

For thee they died—yet not in vain;  
For in that bitter hour the chain  
That kept thee servile broke in twain  
    For ever, and we know  
How fiercely Texas rose in wrath  
And swept the tyrant from her path  
When San Jacinto's bloody swath  
    Avenged the Alamo.

O, liberty sublime!  
Divinest gift of God!  
Defend throughout all time  
Thy humblest proselyte.  
And be the hallowed sod  
That witnessed freedom's fight  
A consecrated place  
    Where men may see thy face.  
Hear thou the captive nation's prayer;  
Arise, thy majesty declare,  
Uphold the patriots who dare

A despot disobey;  
Unsheath for them thy falchion bright,  
Stand thou beside them in the fight,  
And bring them safely to the light  
Of freedom's glorious day.

## MOCKING-BIRD.

I awoke with the first flush of dawn,  
While the mocking-bird out on the lawn  
His pæan was shrilling unresting and filling  
My heart with the promise of morn,  
Mocking-bird,  
My heart with the promise of morn.

I lay while the gathering light  
Was surely defeating the night  
And, tunefully swelling, thy music was telling  
Of happiness, love, and delight,  
Mocking-bird,  
Of happiness, love, and delight.

And I knew the sweet singer of love,  
The lark with the heart of the dove,  
The thicket was haunting, unceasingly chanting  
A hymn to his Maker above,  
Mocking-bird,  
A hymn to thy Maker above.

I lay while the cadences rare  
Were filling with music the air  
And bidding God's creatures, thou sweetest of  
teachers,  
Rejoice, and His glory declare,  
Mocking-bird,  
Rejoicing His glory declare.

I lay while the shuddering moon  
Grew paler and paler, for soon  
The sun, her fierce lover, would come and discover  
Her heart to the pitiless noon,  
Mocking-bird,  
Her heart to the pitiless noon.

I lay till an amberine ray  
Sped over the prairie to play  
At gilding the leafage and marking the cleavage  
Of night from the glorious day,  
Mocking-bird,  
The cleavage of night from the day.

I lay till a lancet of flame,  
Dashed swift with the passionate aim  
Of the sunlight, was launched at the cottonwood  
branched,  
Whence the voice of thy melody came,  
Mocking-bird,  
The voice of thy melody came.

It passed with a truculent glare  
To the bower where his carolling rare  
The singer was pouring forth, sweetly adoring  
The God of the fowls of the air,  
Mocking-bird,  
The God of the fowls of the air.



It fell on his quivering throat,  
And smote into silence the note  
That rising and falling and plaintively calling,  
Across the alfalfa did float,  
Mocking-bird,  
Across the alfalfa did float.

It fell, and the minstrel was mute,  
As when breath is withdrawn from the flute;  
Or when a string breaking, its office forsaking,  
Has silenced the voice of a lute,  
Mocking-bird,  
The musical voice of a lute.

It fell, and the singer was still;  
Was silent the tremulous trill  
Whose lilting with gladness and sweetness and sadness  
The heart of thy hearer did fill,  
Mocking-bird,  
The heart of thy hearer did fill.

Was mute, while the thicket around  
Still echoed the carolling sound,  
Then softly decreasing and faintly surceasing  
Sank into a silence profound,  
Mocking-bird,  
Sank into a silence profound.

Was still, but I took up the song,  
For a spirit that in me for long  
Had slumbered, awaking, its silence was breaking,  
And Poetry bore me along,  
Mocking-bird,  
Ah, Poetry bore me along.

And I cried: O, thou marvellous bird,  
By thy magical melody stirred,  
All nature rejoices and musical voices  
Once more by my spirit are heard,  
Mocking-bird,  
The musical voices are heard.

O bird, is thy singing of choice?  
Or doth instinct but bid thee rejoice  
While daintily lancing the twilight entrancing  
With the shafts of thy quivering voice,  
Mocking-bird,  
The quivering shafts of thy voice?

O bird, can I master thy art?  
Sweet singer, O, give me a part  
Of that jubilant magic, that tearfully tragic  
Refrain of thy passionate heart,  
Mocking-bird,  
That tragic refrain of thy heart.

O bird, I must pay thee a toll;  
For breaking is sorrow's control;  
Thy singing to gladness is changing my sadness,  
And loosing the bonds of my soul,  
Mocking-bird,  
Thou'rt loosing the bonds of my soul.

O bird, with the song of the thrush,  
The lark, and the linnet, ah, hush,  
For the sound of thy singing has set my soul ringing  
And music comes back with a rush,  
Mocking-bird,  
Comes back to my soul with a rush.

O friend, I can take up thy strain,  
Long, long was I silent and fain  
Had ended the sorrow that came with each morrow,  
But now I am singing again,  
Mocking-bird,  
Ah, now I am singing again.

O brother, my summons is strong,  
And the impulse that bears me along  
My being shall never forsaking dis sever  
My heart from the music of song,  
Mocking-bird,  
The music, the music of song.

## IN ARCADY.

I seem to hear a distant sound,  
The echo of a martial tread,  
A muffled working underground,  
An angry movement overhead;  
The air is full of sullen fears,  
A ribald shout, a bitter cry;  
Their echoes hardly reach the ears  
Of me who live in Arcady.

I read the once familiar names  
Of Federation and of League;  
Again the politician frames  
His privy counsel and intrigue;

I once believed they could convulse  
The globe and shape its destiny;  
But now they hardly stir the pulse  
Of me who live in Arcady.

The jarring world is sick with doubt,  
The present fears futurity;  
Discord within and foes without,  
And jealous insecurity.  
The hidden stab, the fatal shriek,  
The bloody blade of treachery,  
Thank God, can never blanch the cheek  
Of me who live in Arcady.

The armies muster by the strait,  
The foemen glare across the sea,  
Beside their guns the gunners wait  
The word that sets destruction free.

In grim display upon the deep  
A nation's war-dogs watching lie;  
Let slip—ye cannot break the sleep  
Of me who live in Arcady.

Pale dweller by the city's gates,  
By daily fret and struggle worn,  
Go, herd thee with thy trivial mates,  
And let me watch the growing corn.  
Go, cast abroad thy dreary jest,  
On Nature's bosom let me lie;  
Can ne'er be thine the quiet rest  
Of me who live in Arcady.

While genius charms a gaping town,  
Be mine the task to turn the sod;  
Let others court the jade Renown,  
I trace in Nature Nature's God.

Laugh, scoffer, till the bitter close  
Of life reveal its vanity;  
Thou canst not know the calm repose  
Of me who live in Arcady.

With grateful heart I bless the day  
I grew weary of the strife,  
Turned from the wrangling crowd away  
And sought a simpler, clearer life.  
Here in seclusion let me dwell,  
Here well contented let me die;  
Life has no sweeter tale to tell  
To me who live in Arcady.



## THE LONE STAR OF TEXAS.

Star of the State am I,  
Liberty's token;  
Gold, in an azure sky,  
Shining unbroken.

Star like the heart of man,  
Woman's defender;  
First in the battle's van  
Scorning surrender.

When on the tented field  
Patriots muster,  
Full on the hero's shield  
Glitters my lustre.

Still in the herder's shed  
Told is the story  
How I my children led  
Onward to glory.

Born in a bitter hour,  
Offspring of sorrow;  
Mighty the tyrant's power,  
Gloomy the morrow.

Frail then and weak my light,  
Hardly a shimmer;  
Few to defend the right,  
Hope daily dimmer.

Yet when the tyrant fast  
Fettered would bind me,  
Proudly I rose and cast  
Bondage behind me;

Cried to my sisters all,  
Liberty's daughters,  
Straightway they heard my call,  
Sped o'er the waters;

Swift in my hour of need  
Hasting to aid me  
Came, when a bastard breed  
Would have betrayed me.

Firm at my side they stood,  
Striking together;  
Blood of the bond of blood  
Tightened the tether.

Life that for others' sake  
Freely is given  
Link of the soul doth make  
Hard to be riven:

Death, from the clasping hand  
Not to be parted,  
Knits with a sacred band  
All the true-hearted.

Foiled see the foe depart,  
Tyrant and craven;  
Fear on the felon's heart  
Deeply was graven.

Shone then my glory bright.  
Brilliantly blazing;  
Five-pointed star of light,  
Despots amazing.

Earth saw me spurning thrall,  
Nations approved me;  
Chiefest and best of all,  
Liberty loved me.

Fierce though my youth and wild,  
Men could not mould me;  
Yet was I Freedom's child,  
Chains could not hold me.

Scoffing at human law,  
Counsel misprizing,  
Scarce holding God in awe,  
Discord devising.

Earning an evil name,  
Obloquy's byword;  
Reckless and hard to tame,  
Wanton and wayward.

Yet, when the trial's hour  
Came for the nation,  
Fitly I proved my power,  
Made my oblation:

Gave of my noblest sons,  
Greatly deserving;  
Up to the belching guns  
Marching unswerving:

Winning in lands afar,  
Foemen defying,  
Fame for the Lonely Star,  
Honour undying.

Saddest of strife was then  
Brother with brother;  
Warfare of kindred men,  
Sons of one mother.

Fain had I held aloof,  
Issue divining;  
Yet in the day of proof  
Clear was my shining:

Over the plains of war,  
Smoking and gory,  
Glittered the Lonely Star,  
Pointing to glory.

Rage now and passion past,  
Bloodshed forgiven,  
Calmly my light at last  
Shines in high heaven.

Shines on the yellow sands,  
Gleams on the river;  
Shines on the fertile lands,  
Gift of the Giver:

Shines for a promise true  
Standing for ever;  
Never from field of blue  
Shall that Star sever.

Star of the State am I,  
Liberty's token;  
Gold, in an azure sky  
Shining unbroken.



## AT THE MEET.

Good morning, the weather is fine,  
And pray don't forget you're to dine  
At the Manor to-night, for my father is quite  
Determined to drown you in wine,  
    You know,  
Determined to drown you in wine.

Yes, the sorrel's the better to stay:  
O, I wish I could hear "Gone away!"  
For this fidgetty filly is really so silly,  
Keeps wanting to have her own way,  
    You know,  
Keeps wanting to have her own way.

O, really, you shouldn't say that!  
Do look at the man in the hat;  
The queerest of creatures, it's just like a preacher's,  
And a shockingly bad one at that,  
You know,  
A shockingly bad one at that.

Too bad of you—quite in the dark;  
And of course it was merely a lark;  
But really, poor fellow, he looks with that yellow  
Rose fit for a ride in the Park,  
You know,  
Quite fit for a ride in the Park.

Who's that? why, it's Reggie Malone!  
How enormously slender he's grown!  
I know he's a nailer, but hard on his tailor,  
For he's close upon seventeen stone,  
You know,  
Very close upon seventeen stone.

O, look, there's the darling old squire,  
I call him the pride of the shire;  
Can't be true that he drinks—though I fancy he thinks  
That foxes are only for hire,  
    You know,  
That foxes are only for hire.

O, no, I don't mean he's insane;  
But only so sweetly humane;  
And he fancies—keep still!—that if we don't kill,  
The fox can be hunted again,  
    You know,  
The fox can be hunted again.

O, really, how funny you are!  
And I used to be told by papa  
You cared nothing for joking and always were smoking  
A horrid Havana cigar,  
    You know,  
Tremendous Havana cigar.

O, surely, don't let me detain  
You one moment—it's only my rein;  
The frolicsome creature, I never can teach her  
To leave off that trick with her mane,  
You know,  
That troublesome trick with her mane.

O, dear, what a look in his eye;  
How coldly he bade me good-by;  
It's more than provoking, I only was joking,  
And now I am ready to cry,  
I know,  
I feel I am going to cry.

How lucky I put on a veil;  
I've a cold—did you think I looked pale?  
So sweet of you, dearest—yes, surely the queerest  
Old fellow, and slow as a snail,  
You know,  
Poor fellow, as slow as a snail.

O, dear, he's not going to come back!  
There he is reining up by the hack  
Of that horrible creature, who hasn't a feature  
That's decent and sits like a sack,  
    You know,  
She really does sit like a sack.

O, how I should like to go home!  
Yes, my filly gets covered with foam  
Very quickly from fretting; I fear she is getting  
Quite tired of this sticky old loam,  
    You know,  
So tired of this sticky old loam.

To think I should be such a fool!  
He was always so quiet and cool;  
Stand steady, young filly!—I'm really as silly  
As if I were just out of school,  
    You know,  
As if I were just out of school.

It is true that I said he was slow;  
But I never did mean it, and—O,  
I'm really too stupid—I wish that Dan Cupid  
Would lend me his arrow and bow,  
    You know,  
Would lend me his arrow and bow.

I think he's got hold of her rein:  
But I daren't look that way again;  
Good morning—he's chaffing—no, thank you—and  
    laughing—  
O, God, it will drive me insane!  
    I know,  
I know it will drive me insane.

At last! There's a cry in the gorse!  
That's Whimperer—steady, sweet horse;  
Ah, me! they are finding! What, tears? O, they're  
    blinding  
Me, yet I must gallop perforce,

You know,  
O, yes, I must gallop perforce.

Go, follow the fools in their track;  
Fool yourself, wretched creature, alack!  
O, it's you? pray don't trouble—with a snaffle? yes,  
double—  
O, I thought you would never come back,  
You know,  
I thought you would never come back.

Yes. . . . Yes. . . . O, please don't! Gone  
away?  
O, we'll all get some hunting to-day!  
Look, look where he's stealing off yonder,—I'm  
feeling  
As happy as flowers in May,  
You know,  
As happy as flowers in May.

What, a lead? O, dear, no, did you think  
I should funk any fences, or shrink  
And show the white feather? We'll take them together,  
Nor swerve at the cliff's very brink.  
With you,  
I'd leap at the grave's very brink.

O sweetheart, I'm glad that I came!  
But you mustn't do that all the same:  
Now, filly! we're over! My hero, my lover,  
My darling, my heart is a flame,  
Do you know?  
My heart, ah, my heart is a flame!  
Tally-ho!



## EPODE.

Come, for the trembling moon  
Is waiting for words of love:  
Come, for the night has strewn  
Her glittering robe above:  
With a shuddering beat of his saffron wing  
The twilight hour has passed:  
The night-jar sobbed at his vanishing,  
O, come, my love, at last.

The masterful day is slain,  
Slain by Selene's dart;  
The west ran red with the stain  
Of blood from his crimson heart.

He fell at the edge of the cypress wood,  
Sacred to pure Bendis;  
And over the place the virgin stood,  
Delian Artemis.

Daintily, stepping soft,  
Poising the crystal sphere,  
Queen of the night came forth  
To bathe in the heavenly mere.  
She slipped from the edge of the white cloud-wreath,  
Fleeced like the snow-bird's nest;  
The stars grew pale and withheld their breath  
At the sight of her virgin breast.

The white cloud-pack doth go  
Before her face on high;  
It gleams like a phantom floe,  
A glacier of the sky.  
The black night shows in chequered rifts  
Between the icy mass:  
The moon behind them slowly drifts  
Across the dark crevasse.

The virgin queen doth hold  
Tribunal in the sky;  
Stars have been overbold  
And punishment is nigh.  
Three mighty planets her defend,  
Uranus, Venus, Mars;  
Behind the cloud-barred grating penned,  
Shiver the guilty stars.

Then come, while the black-winged night  
Is sweeping across the sky;  
Come, ere the archer smite,  
Come, ere the rapture die.  
The faint sweet tale of the amorous gale  
Is passing from tree to tree;  
'Tis love's own hour—to the lover's bower,  
O, come, my love, with me!

DEAR LITTLE FRIEND.

Dear little friend, across the parting years  
I see thee standing, while imperious tears  
Rose in thine eyes, and, passed beyond recall,  
Welled with thy troubled bosom's rise and fall;  
I see thee yet, the trembling hand that pressed  
In quick confusion on the beating breast;  
The quivering mouth that from an aching heart  
Bore the despairing message—"We must part!"  
Dear little friend.

Dear little friend, I see the flushing cheek  
That limned the tenderness thou wouldst not speak;  
I see that noble struggle to conceal  
The feeling which the heart would fain reveal;

I see the hands that, clasped in swift embrace,  
Screened for a moment half thy glowing face;  
I see the arms once emptied of their joys,  
Flung forth abandoned to a reckless poise,  
Dear little friend.

Dear little friend, I see the look that told  
The secret which 'twere folly to unfold;  
I read the thoughts that strove for utterance;  
I see the tender, timid, pleading glance;  
I see the lips that whispered, "Go away;"  
I see the eyes that mutely bade me stay;  
I see the gaze, defenceless, yearning, fond;  
I see, alas! the fearsome gulf beyond—  
Dear little friend.

Dear little friend, I know the tender tone  
That rises artlessly for one alone;  
I know the passion that illumines the eyes,  
The voice that says, "How foolish to be wise;"

I know the fearful struggle to be true;  
I know the thoughts that tear the heart in two;  
I know the yielding moment, past recall;  
I know the hour—ah me, I know it all,  
    Dear little friend.

Dear little friend, so loving and so leal,  
I bow before thy purity's appeal;  
Devotion absolute, unquestioning,  
Robs love of passion, passion of its sting.  
I feel the love we trembled to confess  
Was sent in mercy, not to harm, but bless;  
That love, dear heart, if we can keep it pure,  
Age cannot ravish, ever shall endure,  
    Dear little friend.

Dear little friend, that throb of self-disdain  
That follows on assuaged passion's pain  
We do not know; our friendship still shall be  
Right in its blazon, quartered loyally.

Never to us shall passionate consent  
Teach in sad bitterness the word "Repent!"  
Our lives are sundered, incomplete, but yet  
Ours is a love unmingled with regret.

Dear little friend.

## TO THE PECOS VALLEY.

Truly the sun this place  
Loves with a changeless love;  
Blessed by his unveiled face  
Favoured the rest above.

Heat benignant and light  
Bounteous pouring down;  
Shafts from his quiver bright,  
Gleams from his jewelled crown.

Witching with peerless grace,  
Wooing with matchless art;  
Prince of immortal race  
Winning the valley's heart.



Humbly the vale of peace  
Love of her lord receives:  
Yields with a swift increase  
Burden of autumn sheaves.

Jubilant, calls to man  
Gifts of the God to share;  
Pleasures Arcadian  
Surely await him there.

See, where the creek and branch  
Traverse the fertile land,  
Hamlet, steading, and ranch  
Witness his eager hand.

Forth at the master's call  
Issues the life of earth—  
Water, the lord of all,  
Victor of drought and dearth.

Aqueduct, weir and sluice,  
Conduit and dam appear,  
Shaping to human use  
Currents of water clear.

Checking with massy pier  
Force that unbridled might  
Labour of many a year  
Waste in a single night.

Rivulet, runnel, and rill  
Follow the guiding hand,  
Channel and stream fulfil  
Patiently man's command.

Moving with tranquil tread,  
Slipping with silent stream,  
Life to the seeming dead  
Bringing with silver gleam.

Lo, how the god's embrace  
    Quickens the prairie's breast!  
Smiling she lifts her face,  
    Servant of his behest.

Gold of her daughter fair,  
    Tassel and nodding plume,  
Gives, and the wafting air  
    Fills with the flower's perfume.

Garden, orchard, and wood,  
    Tilth on the prairie spread;  
Taming its wilder mood,  
    Guiding its wayward tread.

Soft from the bush is heard  
    Musical call of dove;  
Carol of mocking-bird  
    Rings through the poplar grove.

Swift through the standing corn  
Scurries the startled quail:  
Hark, how the gray owl's horn  
Biddeth the evening hail!

Slowly the sun descends,  
Veiling his glorious beam;  
Sweetly the moonlight lends  
Glamour to bush and stream.

Sun and Water and Earth,  
Earth and Water and Sun,  
This have ye brought to birth,  
Magical three in one!

SWEET EMMA MORELAND.

Sweet Emma Moreland, if indeed  
A word of mine can reach thee still,  
Dost thou recall the vow I made  
The day we parted by the hill?

Dost thou remember how I swore,  
The day we met on yonder way,  
“Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more  
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray”?

Ah, who can tell what things he saith  
By bitter grief and woe unmanned?  
Those solemn words in perfect faith  
I spoke, but did not understand.

For I was little but a lad,  
A lad who thought the world his own,  
I deemed the present all I had,  
But now I prize the past alone.

My life was hardly then begun,  
The future held me in its sway,  
Since then, sweet Emma, more than one  
Has touched the heart of Edward Gray.

Man's heart is like a flowing stream,  
Beside whose banks the virgins play;  
Beware, sweet maid, nor venture in,  
'Twill surely bear thy peace away.

Man's heart is like a glowing fire,  
Before whose blaze the virgins lie;  
Beware, sweet maid, that cheering flame  
Will slay thee if thou come too nigh.

Man's heart is like the gleaming ice  
Upon whose face the virgins skim;  
Beware, sweet maid, 'twill surely break!  
God help thee if thou canst not swim!

Man's heart is like the golden pall  
That cloaks—but, similes, avaunt!  
Sweet Emma Moreland, after all,  
Man's heart is what the virgins want.

Ah, gentle lady, though I wrong  
Thy sweet complaisance by my line,  
If meant in earnest is my song,  
Or jest, thou only canst divine.

## THE EXILE'S MESSAGE.

JUNE 22, 1897.

A voice across a waste of land,  
A cry across the sea,  
From one who still, dear country, stands  
Most loyally by thee:  
A heart that beats for England,  
A soul that feels the sod  
Of that dear island still hath been  
Most cherishèd of God:  
O England, England, hear that voice,  
England, attend that cry;  
I bid thee from my heart, Rejoice!  
And, mightier yet than I,  
My soul cries out for England,  
Let nothing come between  
Our love for thee, dear country,  
Our love for thee, dear Queen.



Then, England, hear my message,  
    Read thou my words aright—  
My Maker, guide my stuttering lips  
    And fill my voice with might—  
Be still my cry to England,  
    As it hath ever been,  
*Ours is the land, by thee we stand,*  
    *And England, England, England, love the Queen.*

Ah me, thy people suffered long  
    Then, when the meanest thing  
That England, wretched England, owned  
    Was named when named a king.  
Then princes were but tyrants,  
    A king was but a knave,  
From knavish royal tyranny  
    Sole refuge was the grave.  
Was laid upon thy humbler sons,  
    O England, in that hour,  
The infamy of poverty,  
    The infamy of power.

Then blue blood stood for nobleness,  
And lowly birth disgrace,  
Then haughty baron bravely slashed  
His servant in the face.  
Now, England, hear my message:  
By that time's memory,  
By every drop of English blood  
That fell through tyranny,  
Be this my cry to England  
As it hath ever been,  
*Ours is the land, by thee we stand,*  
*And England, England, England, love the Queen.*

Look out upon the nations:  
Say, Briton, on this earth  
Is there a land like English land,  
The country of thy birth?  
Is there another country  
Where every man is free,  
A land that truly can be called  
The land of liberty?

Then, Briton, by thy birthright,  
As thou dost fear thy God,  
I charge thee stand by our dear land,  
By our beloved sod.  
I charge thee love thy country well,  
And with a love as keen  
As that thou bearest to thy land,  
I charge thee love the Queen.

Her heart has beat for England;  
In England's joy and woe  
England's dear Queen hath ever been  
Partaker hitherto.  
Still thus, God knows, it shall be,  
Still shall that Woman's heart  
Until its pulses stir no more  
Right nobly do its part.  
God save the Queen of England!  
God bless her too, we pray:  
God save and bless abundantly  
Our precious Queen this day:

Victoria! Victoria!

O England, shout again!

Let every nation hear thy cry

And echo back again

That loyal shout of England,

And be it nobly seen

That English hearts are everywhere

And nothing stands between

Our love for dear old England,

Our love for England's Queen.

Three thousand miles of water,

Two thousand miles of land

Are stretched between me and the place

Where I would love to stand.

I cannot touch thee, England,

I cannot grasp the hand

Of that dear faithful English friend

I left on England's strand.

But let me reach thee, England,  
    With all my spirit's voice;  
O, let it be a voice of power  
    To bid thy sons rejoice.  
From end to end let England  
    Reëcho loud my cry,  
And England's maids and England's men  
    One-souled, one-voiced, reply:  
“ *We hear thy cry, poor exile,*  
    *We hearken to thy voice ;*  
*Across that waste of sea and land*  
    *Rings clear thy word, Rejoice !*  
*We do rejoice for England ;*  
    *Our cry this day hath been*  
*Ours is the land, by thee we stand,*  
    *And England, England, England, loves the*  
        *Queen.”*

## VICTORIA.

JUNE 22, 1897.

This is a day of praise,  
Of prayer and humble thanksgiving to God,  
Who throughout many days  
Upholding her whose feet have ever trod  
In ways of righteousness,  
Doth still preserve the guardian of the sod  
That English people bless.

This is a day of jubilation; sent  
From each and every part  
Of England's realm, her delegates present  
The homage of the heart;  
The mighty heart of that great English race,  
Where freedom had its birth,  
To her who rightly holds the highest place  
Among the lords of earth.

This is a day of pageantry. In state  
From royal palace hall  
Pass on through lines of citizens elate  
To thy grey dome, Saint Paul,  
The noblest retinue that earth can give,  
The noblest queen of men,  
Cheered by the nation's noblest cry: "Long live  
Victoria!" Amen.

Praise, prayer, and loyal jubilation, all  
This pomp of pageantry,  
Striking the chord of memory, recall  
Another day gone by.  
These shouts of joy, these cries of fealty,  
The nation's loyal tune  
Bring back to our unswerving lealty  
Another morn in June.  
These scenes majestic to the memory tell  
A yet more solemn scene,  
When on her knees before her Maker fell  
A slender, girlish queen,

And vowed to rule in righteousness and love,  
In justice and in truth,  
Imploring humbly counsel from above,  
God's guidance for her youth.

Queen of the English folk! Dost thou recall  
Thy life's momentous hour,  
When thou receivedst 'neath a golden pall  
The emblems of thy power?  
His uncrowned queen Saint Peter's abbot faced,  
And on the burnished coil  
Of thy fair head and slender fingers traced  
With consecrated oil  
The Holy Rood by Christians adored  
From the ampulla's brim,  
In sign thou wast thy people's sovran lord,  
But servant still of Him  
Whose Cross was laid upon thy head and hands  
Before thou tookst the crown,  
To join thee to Him with eternal bands  
And mark thee for His own.



In sign thou shouldst thy people rule in love,  
In peace and amity,  
Was given thee the sceptre with the Dove,  
The Rod of Equity.  
In sign thou shouldst the law of Christ fulfil,  
Count earthly gain as loss,  
Thy royal sceptre, Empress Queen, is still  
The sceptre with the Cross.

Before the blessed Edward's circlet pressed  
Upon thy youthful brow,  
That diadem the Church's prelate blessed,  
In sign that even thou  
Wast bound as queen to keep in loyalty  
The solemn word which saith  
The Sovereigns of England's realm must be  
Defenders of the Faith.

Recall, great Queen, the promise given there,  
Thy Coronation Oath;  
The words with which thou solemnly didst swear  
To keep thy royal troth;

“ I will protect the Church, the Laws maintain,  
Resolved evermore  
In Justice, Mercy, and in Love to reign:  
The things I here before  
Did promise, I will now perform and keep,  
So help me God.” That vow  
Was heard by One whose eye doth never sleep,  
And watcheth o’er thee now.

Victoria Regina, thou hast been  
Just steward of thy folk;  
Thy people during sixty years have seen  
Thee fitly bear the yoke  
Thou didst that day consent to undertake  
As servant of thy Lord,  
When thou didst promise never to forsake  
Thy people or thy word.

Queen of the English heart! Thy glorious reign  
Is drawing near its close;  
Thy life of mingled happiness and pain,  
Of chequered joys and woes,

Mankind's allotted years has more than spanned,  
And soon must thou, alone,  
Unaided, unattended, humbly stand  
Before the great white throne.  
At that dread audit of thy life and reign,  
Thy stewardship's accompt  
Is passed before the One who maketh plain  
All things, and answer prompt  
Awards, to man's eternal loss or gain.

This is no day, no hour  
For fulsome adulation; we appeal  
To that Almighty Power,  
The Judge before whom all mankind reveal  
The secrets of the heart;  
From Whom is nothing hid, Who surely knows  
Our being's every part.  
Naught in His sight are all our earthly shows.  
Our times are in His hand.  
Him we entreat to make His judgment clear.  
When thou, great queen, shalt stand  
Before that seat, thy people shall be near,

Petitioning for thee;  
Awaiting calmly, free from doubt or fear.  
The answer yet to be.  
As surely thou hast kept thy maiden vow,  
Hast kept thy royal word,  
So surely shalt thou hear with tranquil brow  
The judgment of the Lord:  
“ Well done, thou faithful servant, enter thou  
Into thy life’s reward.”

## HEART OF THE SEA.

On that torn peak where tempests gather  
And whip to gale the western breeze,  
Where winds in wildness lash to lather  
And foam the scum of the wintry seas:

By that sheer cliff where ever madder  
And madder dance the eddies urge,  
While the seaweed writhes like a burnished adder  
Caught in the grip of the ravening surge,

I clung handfast to a crevice streaming  
With lifted spray from the swirling flood,  
While over the cleft the sea-gulls screaming  
Swept back and forth on their quest of food.

Appalled I gazed, and my spirit's gladness  
Was utterly wasted and turned to naught;  
For the friend I had loved lay in tossing madness,  
Racked to and fro like a thing distraught.

And I cried aloud: "Can this wild commotion  
Of battering billows and wrangling waves  
Come from the heart of the gentle ocean  
That kisses the mouths of the sea-nymphs' caves?

Is this the sea that the lightest feather  
Undrenched could bear on its buoyant brine,  
While the glittering sunbeam's golden tether  
Linked wave and sky in a yoke divine?

Is this the sea of my life's reliance,  
The sea that cradled my infant sleep,  
This wild grey waste that in mad defiance  
Is hoarsely calling from deep to deep?

Sea, I have slept while thy tuneful treble,  
Of lullabies sweetest, hath charmed my ear,  
And the song of the wave to the rolling pebble  
Was ever the song that I loved to hear.

Thou wast to me like a boy's defender,  
A wooer of maids and a man's delight,  
None spoke with a voice so sweet, so tender,  
None looked on me with a smile so bright.

But now thou art changed, and my faith is shaken,  
Thou hast robbed me, Sea, of my spirit's rest,  
I trusted in thee, and thou hast taken  
From me the treasure I loved the best.

Thou hast played me false, and my heart is broken;  
Thou hast played me false, and thou dost not care;  
Ah, how can ever a word be spoken  
To match the grief thou hast made me bear?

I know thee now for a cruel preacher  
Of creed inhuman with careless scoff;  
More vile art thou than the meanest creature  
That crawls in the slime of thy hollow trough.

I hate thee, Sea, with an unforgiving,  
Defiant hate; thou, of hell's decree  
Consenting organ, hast made my living  
More chill than death; lo, I curse thee, Sea!"

With frantic gesture defiance hurling,  
In vain rebellion at mastery,  
I flung my curse at the billow's curling  
Crest as it carelessly passed me by.

Ah, fool, to think that the god immortal  
Who orders ocean and sways the sea,  
Can reck one whit that a gloomy portal  
Has closed betwixt thy love and thee.



Ah, fool, to think that the bitter trouble  
That darkens daylight and maddens dreams,  
Weighs more with him than the lightest bubble  
That on his breast for an instant gleams

And then is gone; can the piteous wailing  
Of childless parent and orphan child  
Seem aught to a god but the senseless railing  
Of dolts that will not be reconciled?

Away, fond wretch, for thy blatant shouting  
Is food for jest to the deathless one  
Who sits enthroned on the billows, flouting  
Thy grief and thee,—poor fool, begone!

I turned away from the wild confusion  
Of upthrown billows and downdrawn skies,  
And bitterly mocked at the fond delusion  
That a god with a mortal could sympathize.

I turned—that sound! Was I mad, or waking  
To clearer vision and saner life?  
I seemed to hear from the waters breaking  
A voice that called me to peace from strife.

Amid the roar of the tempest shrieking,  
The rolling thunder and levin flame,  
A quiet voice to me was speaking  
Softly, and calling upon my name.

In the seething heart of the swirling waters,  
Where the galling spray makes the eyesight dim,  
Where the driving spume never stops or falters  
In whirling race round the eddy's rim,

A smooth space lay like a face that glistened  
With tears—strange sight in that medley wild!  
The weary years, as I stooped and listened,  
Slipped back, and I felt like a little child.

That sound! 'Twas naught but the faintest whisper,  
More heard than spoken, that stirred my soul;  
Yet all-pervading, and clearer, crisper  
Than howling tempest or thunder's roll.

That sound! It came from no hoary Triton  
Or shell-throned goddess of sea-foam birth;  
The voice was the voice of the lord Poseidon,  
The god that girdles and shakes the earth.

I bowed, I fell, and the insurrection  
My soul had compassed was swept away;  
At the voice of the god my heart's defection  
Passed as the mist from the sun-god's ray.

"Child," I heard, and the water's riot  
Was still, and soundless the shattered waves;  
Crept over my soul an awesome quiet  
Like the hush that lies on the place of graves.

The spray hung poised on the breaking billow,  
And fixed in falling the comber heard  
That voice of power, like a drawn-lace pillow  
The foam lay still at Poseidon's word.

"Child of man"—and I heard the calling  
Of Nymph and Triton in grot and cave;  
The earth's dim scales from my eyes were falling  
And I saw with the vision that poets crave.

"Child beloved"—and my grief was over;  
My heart leapt up and cried: "Rejoice!"  
Thrilled was my soul as the passionate lover  
Thrills to the sound of his mistress' voice.

"Son of my heart, I have loved thee ever;  
Dear to me was thy trustful youth;  
Dost think that a passionate word can sever  
A bond that is fixed in eternal truth?

Nay, not unheard was thy wild complaining,  
Yet scarce availeth a mortal's cry  
To alter the currents of Fate's ordaining  
Or fashion the course of the gods on high.

Thine is the past, for the past is over;  
What in its bosom the future holds  
The great gods know but do not discover  
Till time in season the end unfolds.

Mistake not me for a cruel scoffer,  
Or tyrant smiting with careless face;  
The gods above do not deign to offer  
Their hearts to the gaze of a ribald race

Of mortals vaunting themselves and deeming  
That naught from their vision is hid—O, blind  
And fools, who scan but the outward seeming  
Nor dream of the heavenly shape behind.

Then think not thou that this wild commotion  
 Of waters under and winds above  
 Comes from the heart of the gentle ocean,  
 The god that cherisheth mortals' love.

Above, the winds and waves are jarring  
 In ceaseless turmoil and cureless strife;  
 Below, no earth-born sound is marring  
 The peaceful rest of eternal life.

I have stretched my seas for a shrouding ceiling  
 Above my palace; a glassy floor  
 It seems to mortals, to them revealing  
 Somewhat, but from them concealing more.

While over that floor the tempest rages,  
 And wind with wind in fury vies,  
 Unstirred below through the countless ages  
 The great grey soul of ocean lies.

There quiet reigns—for the struggle frantic  
Of blast and billow, of bond and free,  
Moves not at all that breast gigantic  
Nor stirs the soul of the hoary sea.

There Time no season knows, no number,  
For twilight soft and immortal balm  
Soothe the soul to a dreamless slumber,  
Steeped evermore in a quenchless calm.

There the heart of the Sea is beating  
Soft and low, like a cradling song,  
There I await my beloved with greeting  
Gentle and bear in my arms along

Safe to the peace that knows no breaking,  
Safe to the rest from toil and care,  
Weary souls to the sleep unwaking,  
Sleep that mortals can never share.

Those whom I love to my heart I gather,  
Gift of a god is unending rest;  
Child, thou art mine—to thy heart's true father  
Come, and be clasped to his loving breast."

The low voice ceased, but the silence lasted;  
That smooth still space like a face serene  
Smiled in a wondrous calm contrasted  
With surge and breaker that raged between.

Smiled and waved—and my heart was bounding  
With love that would not be kept apart;  
Down, far down beyond human sounding  
I dropped to sleep on the sea-god's heart.



## I CALLED TO LOVE.

I called to Love, and as I called he came,  
Black-eyed and bold and naked; and in shame  
I hid my face and trembled, but the boy  
Leapt at my breast and whispered, " Joy of joy  
I bring thee, sweet one, and divine delight;  
Undo thy bosom's latchet, neophyte,  
And let me in." Therewith about my knees  
He clung and clamoured softly, as the breeze  
That murmurs to the trailing tamarinds.  
His beating wings made soft and fitful winds  
That carried odours to me, and I felt  
My senses waver and about my belt  
His fingers busy, yet, it seemed, in play;  
A laugh of conquest echoed. No dismay  
Arose to mar my longing. I put out  
A trembling hand towards him, not in doubt,

But seeking his; my sensing fingers met—  
For still my eyes were closed—a bosom wet  
As my own quivering palm, and felt the beat  
Of lifeblood at his heart. “O Paraclete!”  
I cried and turned to flee. “Who flees is lost!”  
A voice replied. The saucy urchin tossed  
My languid arms away and bared my heart.  
“As thou hast called me, bid me now depart!”  
He cried, and laughed again. The silence held  
Until he broke it. “Is there one can weld  
A mail with power to turn my point divine?  
The bittersweet of life is this, is thine!”  
Once more he laughed, and touched the echoing  
string;

I heard the arrows in his quiver ring  
And knew him aiming—yet my eyes were bound  
And fast my lips. Then with a rustling sound  
Of folding pinions, came a voice that said:  
“Sister, beware; is thy discernment dead?  
Look, look, or thou art lost!” A sudden fear  
Of what I knew not seized me, and a tear

Forced its way upward from the virgin well  
Of maidenhood unsullied: as it fell  
The philtre lost its virtue and my soul  
Sprang to my eyes and broke their lids' control,  
And I beheld and cried: "I am beguiled!  
Thou art not Love, thou art but Fancy's child!"  
Thereat the phantom vanished, and I went  
Along the path in thankless discontent.

I called to Love, and as I called he came.  
But never paused or greeted; on his game  
Was all his mind, yet this same heedlessness  
So well became his jocund fearlessness  
I longed the more; a comely shape that glowed  
With youthful vigour; smiling he bestrode  
A fallen woodland terror, from its side  
Plucking the ashen spear that entry wide  
Had made therein; the blood that spirted high  
Bedaubed his knee and stained his ivory thigh.  
But all unnoted, as he turned his head  
And hearkened to the forest-voices. Dread

Of that wild place was on me and I cried:  
"Sweet youth and master, do not thou deride  
My cowardice, or mock thy servant's moan:  
Great fear have I of journeying alone."  
At that he turned—how fair his face to see!  
It filled my heart with rapture—"What to me,"  
He answered, "is thy plight? Go seek the  
path;  
Tempt me no longer, lest a dryad's wrath  
Undo us both. . . .

I hitherto have spilt  
No blood but beasts'; if henceforth there be guilt,  
'Tis not on me. I yet am innocent  
Of other . . . .

Surely I am cast, and shent  
In either hap. So, follow where I lead."  
With that he turned and sped across the mead  
And leapt within the forest. Where he led  
I followed, though the sere acacias shed  
Their spikes to gash my feet; at my spent blood  
I sickened as I ran; throughout the wood

I stumbled weeping, yet I lost him not,  
For still the white limbs gleamed ; my heart was  
hot,

And tumult in my bosom ; where the glade  
Divides the forest, there he turned and stayed.  
He seemed the lovelier for the threatening spear  
That carried death. I dared to venture near  
Forspent and bleeding, while the longing grew  
To clasp him closely once and then imbue  
The spear-blade with my heart's blood. At his scorn  
I clean forgot the torture of the thorn,  
And passed the spear and sought to clasp his hand,  
Crying, " O love, I hardly understand  
Thy cruelty, yet as thou wilt, so do,  
For I am thine." At that he roughly threw  
My hand away, replying with a sneer,  
" What then am I ? " and poised anew the spear.  
" My love, dear heart, and thou art truly mine."  
" Thy love ? " he cried : " Go ! I am none of thine ;  
A goddess woos me." At that word I knew  
The one he was. " Ah, hunter, is it true ?

I know thee now; betrayed am I for sure!  
Thou art not Love, but Venus' paramour."  
Thereon he would have slain me, but I slipped  
Beside him in a new-found strength, and gripped  
The ashen spear-shaft; in my hand it snapped  
And left him weaponless. He stood entrapped  
And gnashed at me; I saw his beauty pass  
Swift as the image from the shattered glass;  
His ivory skin was leprous. With a cry  
I cast the spear-head at the cankered thigh  
And fled the place, nor slackened till the night  
Received and hid me from my fellows' sight.

I called to Love, and as I called he came.  
New, yet familiar; was he not the same  
That I had dreamt of? In his daring eyes  
I saw my longings mirrored; former ties  
Were broken at his touch; he seemed to tread  
On some supernal ether, and to shed  
Celestial fragrance on me; celandine  
Was not more golden than his curls divine.

His smile elysian—how it shook my soul!  
“ Ah, wrong me not! ” I cried, “ thou art the goal  
Of my desire—O, love empyrean, hail!  
Behold thy handmaid! ” Passion left me pale  
And sightless, but I felt him drawing near;  
The balmy air grew warmer. “ Be of cheer,”  
He whispered, “ for I bring thee thy desire.”  
So, lightly touched my heart. Devouring fire  
Flamed up within my breast—his fingers burned.  
I shrieked and started back, yet inly yearned  
To clasp those scorching fingers, while he raised  
My trembling body upward, till I gazed  
Upon his glowing eyes. A palsy shook  
My limbs, and at the summons of his look  
I rendered up myself. “ O, take me, love,  
Ideal, yet incarnate; quickly prove  
Thy deity; conception most divine,  
Am I not thine? ” He answered: “ Thou art  
mine.”

At that I swooned within his arms and seemed  
To let the years pass heedless, while I dreamed

Seraphic visions; trances of delight  
Upheld me through an oriental night  
Of mirth and song and music, till I heard  
A note, discordant, sharp, that swiftly stirred  
My slumbered senses, and the glamour fled.  
My eyes were opened and delight was dead.  
The dream once ended, misery and ruth  
Became my portion when I knew the truth.  
I looked upon my seraph; he was foul;  
The contact mired me. With a fiendish scowl,  
Reading my thought, he cried: "Art thou not  
mine?"

Lo, I have sealed thee to myself; my sign  
Is on thy face, my votary thou art;  
I know the inmost secrets of thy heart."  
So saying, would have seized me, but I screamed  
And flung him off. "Debaucher! I had deemed  
Thee different—I know thee truly now;  
Lost though I am, I can recall my vow.  
To such as thee my soul I never gave;  
Thou art not Love, thou art but Passion's slave!"



At that the demon struck me, and I fell  
Backward and hung upon the verge of hell.

I called to Love, and as I called he came.  
The angel of the furnace; sacred flame  
Lay lambent on his temples; from afar  
I saw him coming like a fiery star  
That bore destruction onward; in his hand  
Blazed the red outline of a glowing brand.  
The fear of death was on me; in the sedge  
That overspreads the ooze at Lethe's edge  
I flung myself face downward, where the grass  
Grows rankest, praying that the god would pass  
And leave me scatheless—was I fit to die?  
“Semele, aid me! Let him not come nigh!”  
O, vain appeal! I felt him drawing near;  
The slim green rushes shrivelled into sere  
And fell in glowing embers. Terror set  
Its bounds to my endurance. “Spare me yet,  
O, master of my heart!” I cried. “Arise,”  
He answered, “in my hand thy living lies.”

Constraint was on me and I raised my head.  
His look was scorching, yet the terror fled.  
I rose and faced him. Passion and Desire  
Withered and perished in that glowing fire;  
The flesh revolted yet. My heart was chill  
With sudden panic. "Master, wilt thou kill  
Me wholly?" "Self I slay; yet an thou like  
Thou mayst escape; thou needst not bid me strike.  
Thy choice is free; the angel or the brute;  
Make thy election." Terror kept me mute.  
He raised his hand; I saw the fiery sword  
And knew my soul depending on a word.  
"And must I look my last upon the sun?  
Is there no way but this?" He answered: "None."  
"Alas! I fear that thou wilt kill me quite!"  
"Say, shall I smite?" he cried. I answered:  
"Smite!"  
With that the sword went through me, and I passed  
In one swift agony to Love at last.

### THREE WISHES.

“ Grant me a boon, but one,”  
    Cried to his Maker man;  
“ Lo, where the graceless Sun  
    Mocks me since Time began.

“ Mocks me from dawn to eve,  
    Mocks me anew at morn;  
Challenging me to drive  
    Courses from bourne to bourne.

“ Fain would I follow and chase,  
    But how can I tether a star?  
And he jeers me with careless face—  
    Succour me, Avatar!

“ Give me a courser fleet  
As the whirlwind’s sightless horse;  
Give me the grim Afreet  
That hides in the watercourse.

“ Give me the spirit pale,  
The dim white nymph that is kissed  
By the fire-god in glowing mail;  
Give me the heart of the mist.

“ Give me the Soul of the Rain,  
Slave let it be of my skill;  
So shall I never again  
Fret, having had my will.”

“ Son, thou art asking much,”  
Slowly the god replied:  
“ Fearest thou not to touch  
Things that are deified?

“ Fitly a thing divine  
    Spirit of water is;  
See that in hands of thine  
    Perish not sanctities.

“ Yet, that thou mayst not tire,  
    Deeming thy striving vain,  
Take thou thy heart’s desire,  
    Take thou the Soul of the Rain.”

Man, from the watercloud  
    Taking the soul, began  
Curbing that spirit proud,  
    Forcing to bless and ban.

Taming that grim Afreet,  
    Shackling that giant wild,  
Branding with ruthless heat  
    Waterfall’s phantom child.

Binding with iron bands,  
Searing with furnace gleam,  
Till with obedient hands  
Works at his will the Steam.

Turbulent heart subdued,  
Bondman became of man;  
Fashioning forces crude,  
Venturing earth to span.

Daedal, with patient art  
Piercing the mountain's side;  
Over the gorge's heart  
Stepping with giant stride.

Ever with tireless feet  
Ceaselessly passing forth;  
Flying from East to greet  
West, and the South from North.

Distancing wind and tide,  
Linking the land and sea;  
Swelling his ruler's pride,  
Winning him royal fee.

Loudly the master laughed:  
"Now is the race begun;  
Mocker, my handicraft  
Matches thy coursers, sun!"

Shining Apollo smiled  
Brightly with cloudless brow;  
"Phaëthon, self-beguiled,  
Perished, and such art thou.

"Mortal of restless birth,  
Cursed with the Titan's soul,  
Can not to thee the earth  
Proffer sufficing goal?

“Leave to the gods the sky;  
Not to Olympus come  
Those who its lords defy;  
Scoffers had best be dumb.”

Swiftly the god elate,  
Wrapt in his robe of light,  
Sped to the golden gate,  
Stabled his coursers bright;

Feasted the starshine through,  
Feasted and slept again;  
Then on the zenith blue  
Guided his coursers twain.

Laughing and looking back,  
Marking his rival bold  
Urging on glittering track  
Natural force controlled.



Vainly the panting steam  
Strives with the god to vie;  
Lo, where the vanishing gleam  
Fades in the western sky!

. . . . .

“Grant me a boon, but one,”  
Cried to his Maker man;  
“Lo, where the graceless Sun  
Mocks me since Time began.

“Mocks me with careless face,  
Jeers from his golden car;  
Sore is thy son’s disgrace,  
Succour me, Avatar!

“Give me the spirit bright  
That leaps from the thunder’s breast,  
Give me the blinding light  
That plays on the mountain’s crest.

“ Give me the lightning’s flash,  
Soul of the deadly fire  
Born of the welkin’s crash;  
Grant me my heart’s desire.

“ Give me the amber’s core,  
Slave let it be of my skill;  
So shall I nevermore  
Fret, having had my will.”

Answered the Titan: “ Child,  
Bought at a woful price,  
Bitter art thou and wild,  
Fruit of my sacrifice.

“ Image of crumbling clay,  
Mould that I filled with breath;  
Still art thou led astray,  
Turning from life to death.

“ Yet, since I needs must be  
    Granter of thy desire,  
Take from the lightning free,  
    Mortal, its Soul of Fire.”

. . . . .

Man, from the levin flame  
    Taking the soul, began  
Spirit of light to tame,  
    Forcing to bless and ban.

Leading in endless line,  
    Winding in potent coil,  
Soul of the spark divine  
    Binding to earthly toil.

Swift, in a moment's space  
    Under the startled sea  
Rushing with peerless pace,  
    Rival of Mercury.

Stars, by the mind of man  
Fashioned and brought to light,  
Toiled, to a working plan  
Tethered in ordered might.

Them their creator elate,  
Mocking the son of Zeus,  
Driveth in yoke sedate,  
Fitteth to daily use.

Crying with vaunting speech  
"Listen, my Avatar;  
Now is the time to teach  
Gods what the mortals are.

"Phœbus Apollo, heed!  
Fallen art thou and cast  
Earthward, a saner creed  
Vanquisheth thee at last.

“ Lo, thou art weighed and found  
Wanting in every part;  
Fabric of myth unsound,  
Manifest lie thou art.

“ Light is my slave, and speed  
Measureless owns my might;  
Phœbus, of thee no need  
Have I nor of thy light.

“ Stars have I made to work,  
Sun, shall I bow to thee?  
Lord of the light and mirk  
Never henceforth for me!”

. . . . .

Graceful Apollo swung  
Lightly his golden rein;  
Glances the sun-god flung  
Earthward of calm disdain.

“ Zeus, thy abiding curse  
Ever on earth prevails;  
After each age a worse  
Follows and foully rails.

“ Scorning the gods above,  
Deeming themselves supreme,  
Slighting my works of love,  
Mocking my kindly beam.

“ Mythical, men me call;  
Nay, what is myth but the rune  
Of the life that encircleth all,  
Echo of nature's tune?

“ Lo, should I hide my face  
From them and veil my light,  
Soon were this boastful race  
Lost in eternal night.

“ Lo, should I turn my spear  
    On them, and bend my bow,  
Titan, thy children dear  
    Perish in mortal throe.”

. . . . .

“ Grant me a boon, but one,”  
    Cried to his Maker man;  
“ Lo where the envious Sun  
    Mocks me since Time began.

“ Fills me with deadly fear,  
    Threatens my works to mar,  
Tossing his glittering spear;  
    Succour me, Avatar!

“ Give me the pinion light,  
    Wing of the bird of Jove;  
Give me the eagle's flight;  
    So shall I master prove.

“ Give me the power to soar,  
Slave let it be of my skill;  
So shall I nevermore  
Fret, having had my will.”

Weary Prometheus said:  
“ Child, thou canst surely see  
How I am punished  
Daily for sake of thee.

“ Ever since fire I stole  
Earthward to warm thy heart,  
Sorrow hath been my dole,  
Bondage hath been my part.

“ Fast to the burning rock  
Bound with a chain, my crime  
Was that I dared to mock  
Order of Jove sublime.



“ Eagle through pathless air  
    Hither at Zeus’ behest  
Cometh to rend and tear  
    Daily my bleeding breast.

“ Mortal, if mine the power  
    Over the eagle’s flight,  
Would I a single hour  
    Longer endure my plight?

“ Never can bird of Jove  
    Servitor be of thine;  
Never can mortal prove  
    Master of flight divine.

“ Cease with the gods to vie,  
    Child that I brought to birth;  
They are the lords of sky,  
    Thine are the things of earth.

“ Cease to provoke thy fate,  
Cross not the sun-god’s path;  
Marsyas learnt too late  
Peerless Apollo’s wrath.”

“ Knave, with deceitful heart! ”  
Cried to his Maker man;  
“ Using thy guileful art  
Only to balk my plan.

“ Fool that I was to trust  
Thee or revere thy skill;  
Better return to dust,  
Titan, than yield my will.

“ Lord of the earth am I,  
Ocean I hold in fee;  
Why should I fear the sky  
More than the purple sea?

“ Mine is the power to make,  
    Mine is the power to mar;  
All that I need I take,  
    Tremble, my Avatar!

“ Henceforth of thee no care  
    Have I nor of thy might;  
Soon through the yielding air  
    Swift shall I wing my flight! ”

. . . . .

Luckless Prometheus heard,  
    Listened with boding awe;  
Felt at his breast the bird  
    Tearing with bill and claw.

Sadly the Titan said:  
    “ Trouble is still my part;  
Even the race I made  
    Tears at its maker's heart.

“ Me the Compeller’s rebuke,  
Punishment merciless,  
Harasseth less than thy look,  
Pigmy, of narrowness.

“ Selfish is all thy mind;  
Thou for thyself alone  
Seest, to others blind,  
Hard is thy heart as stone.

“ Zeus, for a bitter jest,  
Cankered my gifts to man;  
Banned what I fain had blessed,  
Blessed what I meant to ban.

“ Truly Pandora still  
Regnant is here below,  
Ordering human skill  
Unto man’s overthrow.”

. . . . .

Man, to the eagle's flight  
    Bending his skill, began  
Fashioning pinions light,  
    Framing the steering fan.

Swift as the bird of Jove  
    Thinking to cleave the air,  
Cunning and sleight to prove,  
    Craftsman beyond compare.

Sprang to the mountain's brow,  
    Cried to the shining sun:  
"Phœbus, behold me now!  
    Mocker, the race is won!

"Master of flight am I,  
    King over land and sea;  
Mythical lord of sky,  
    Needs must thou yield to me!"

Spake, and on outspread wing,  
Eager his power to show,  
Leapt with a mighty spring—  
Fell on the plain below.

Lordly Apollo leant  
Down from his golden car;  
Rang through the firmament  
Laughter of moon and star.

“Folly is never old,  
Wisdom is always stale;  
Artifex overbold,  
Icarus redux, hail!”

. . . . .

Vainly the human race  
Strives with the deities;  
Dissociating space  
Smiles at their vanities.

## RIO PECOS, PECOS RIVER.

Rio Pecos, Pecos River,  
Where the empty Indian quiver,  
On thy rocks with blood bespattered  
Cast and into fragments shattered  
    By the frantic blow,  
Told the stern, avenging foeman  
That the grim Apache bowman  
    Dared his fate to know.  
Hither, thither, surged the fighting  
Press, the god of war delighting,  
    While the river's flow,  
Tireless, ceaseless in persistence,  
Making light of man's resistance,  
    Neither swift nor slow,  
Washed the bloody stains of battle  
    From the rocks below;

Heard, as hearing childish prattle,  
Crash of axe and musket rattle,  
    Cry of friend and foe;  
Heard, and hearing in its steady  
Rhythmic course to pool and eddy,  
    As it moved along,  
Told the grim and ghastly story,  
And the tale of conflict gory  
    Wove into a song;  
Rising, falling, as the water  
Rose and fell, a song of slaughter,  
Murdered wife, deflowered daughter,  
    Treachery and wrong;  
Swift pursuit and stern requital,  
Hour of fate and issue vital,  
    Thrusting, grappling throng;  
Vengeance keen and struggle bloody,  
Death supreme and waters ruddy  
    As the prairie rose;  
Ranger hat and Indian feather  
Floating down the stream together,



Till with daylight's close  
Came the night on raven pinion,  
To exert her calm dominion,  
    And the clang of blows,  
Shout of triumph, song of gladness,  
Frenzied yell and shriek of madness,  
Wail of grief and cry of sadness  
    Hushed into repose.

Rio Pecos, Pecos River,  
Breezes waver, rushes shiver,  
While above the maddened medley  
Of the final conflict deadly  
Floats the ragged-pinioned buzzard,  
Scanning calmly human hazard  
    On the sands below;  
Like the saga bird, the raven,  
Presaging to every craven  
    Heart its overthrow.

Swooping downward, upward lifting,  
Wildly flying, slowly drifting  
    By on outspread wing;  
Poising deftly, circling trimly  
Overhead, and ever grimly  
    Narrowing the ring,  
Taking loathly joy in viewing  
Fray and bloodshed, death and ruin,  
    Pitch of human ill;  
Gathering in filthy caucus,  
Calling ghoul-like with the raucous  
    Note that carries chill,  
Kite and buzzard each to other,  
Carrion mate to carrion brother,  
    “ Come and glut your fill;  
Gorge yourselves, a banquet regal,  
Fit for vulture, fit for eagle,  
    Feast beyond compare  
Witless men are now providing,  
While the lords of prey are riding  
    In the quiet air,

Watching butchery and ravage,  
Grip on throttle, grapple savage,  
    Choking gurgling breath;  
Men expiring, gasping, shrieking,  
Till the air around is reeking  
    With the taint of death.  
Nearer yet and nearer flying,  
Hover o'er the dead and dying,  
Each to other bravely crying,  
    ‘Meat is sweetest raw,’  
Fasten on the upward staring  
Faces and the eye-balls glaring,  
    Hack with bill and claw;  
Flesh with beak and talon gripping,  
Flesh from bone and sinew stripping,  
    Till with gluttoned craw,  
Of the banquet nothing bated,  
Lust of offal richly sated,  
We, the scavengers, elated,  
    Slowly homeward draw.”

Rio Pecos, Pecos River,  
Think thereon, thou quiet liver  
In the land of law and order,  
Far from that debated border  
    Where a day of doom,  
Chambers dark of fate unlocking  
Turned the Indian's bitter mocking  
    Into sullen gloom;  
Pride of dusky chieftain humbling,  
Till the red man, backward stumbling,  
    Gave the white man room;  
Chilled and quenched his fire and fettle  
As in water heat of metal  
    Plunged, is lost in spume;  
Racial passions banked and serried,  
Burying, as men are buried  
    In the quiet tomb.  
Like some sorely wounded giant,  
Half despairing, half defiant,  
Crouched the Indian, still reliant  
    On his numbers' strength;

Shrinking from yet braving trial,  
Seeing with a keen espial  
Fated hour that mocked denial  
    Surely come at length;  
While the rugged Texas Ranger,  
Scorning life and courting danger,  
    With his eye of blue  
Unexultant viewed the wheeling  
Mob of riders, only feeling  
    Hundreds were a few;  
Steadily his station keeping,  
As the shouting, rushing, leaping  
    Foemen closer drew;  
Flower of the Apache nation  
Saw displayed without elation,  
    Saw and surely knew  
Tragedy supreme in acting;  
Servant he of fate, exacting  
    Vengeance overdue.  
Every hero single-handed  
Facing squad of Indians banded,

As an eagle crows;  
Rifle firmly pressed to shoulder,  
Scanning every bush and boulder  
Whence his ambushed foes,  
Lying prone, then swiftly springing  
Upward, sent the bullet singing  
Through the parting air.  
Closer yet his weapon clinching,  
Arm and eye alike unflinching,  
Spread the skilful snare,  
Drew the savage from his cover,  
Chased him as the kite the plover,  
Drove him from his lair;  
Stern and cool his wily foeman  
Fronting, as of old the Roman  
Soldier Gallia's horde,  
Saw them bending, breaking, flying,  
Falling, till the dead and dying  
Choked the Pecos ford;  
Fleeing from his aim unerring  
As from dogfish flees the herring,

Mackerel from shark;  
Cowering, scudding as the partridge  
From the missile of the cartridge  
    Sped toward the mark.  
Smiled the Ranger, as though chasing  
Men were pleasure, calmly facing  
    Death and final throe;  
Saw unmoved the life blood flowing  
Down his side, unshaken knowing  
    That the set of sun  
Meant to him, the restless rover,  
Journey's ending, labour over,  
    Human errand done.  
Death to him, devoid of terrors,  
Brought forgiveness for his errors,  
    Came in peace and love;  
Buying for a life of sinning  
Pardon thus, and surely winning  
    Mercy from above.  
Nay, that reckless Indian fighter,  
Thus in death the calm requiter

Of a people's tear,  
Man himself, to woman tender,  
Hero born, and stanch defender,  
Knowing naught of fear,  
Leaves a name that annal hoary  
Still shall keep embalmed in story,  
Crimson with the flame of glory,  
Texas pioneer.

Rio Pecos, Pecos River,  
This the tale thou didst deliver  
On a day in early summer,  
To a foreigner, late comer  
To thy bank and stream.  
Seemed to him that story tragic  
Interwoven with the magic  
Glamour of a dream.  
Softly o'er the sands below him  
Passed the Pecos River, flowing  
Southward evermore;



While a breeze of summer, blowing  
Ruffling counter to its going,  
Trailing flotsam backward throwing,  
    Drove the swell before;  
Water's face with bubbles stippling,  
Till the wavelet, gently rippling,  
    Lapped the further shore.  
Overhead in azure heaven  
Feathered scavengers eleven,  
Turkey-buzzards four and seven  
    Quietly did fare,  
Tranquilly in ether floating,  
Seemed asleep, to them denoting  
Naught that worthy was of coting  
    Water, earth or air.  
Landward, on the waving grasses  
Calmly browsing, slowly passes  
    Many a prairie steer,  
While a troop of frolic ponies,  
Scattering the startled conies,  
    Suddenly appear,

Wheeling round the mesquite bushes,  
Nibbling daintily the rushes  
    Of the gramma sere.  
Peacefully the cattle blinking,  
Peacefully and never shrinking  
    From the watcher's eye;  
Tunefully the horse-bell tinkling,  
Mares at rest, with never inkling  
    Of a danger nigh,  
Set the wayworn stranger thinking  
And the scene before him linking  
    With a day gone by;  
Past and present times contrasting,  
Into union everlasting  
    Blending quietly.  
Times of joy and plenty double  
Following on dearth and trouble  
    As the day the night,  
After hours of dark confusion,  
When the sun in glad profusion  
    Sheds abroad his light,

Chasing grief and cheering sorrow,  
Bringing with the shining morrow

Comfort and delight.

This the lesson, God doth never  
From his faithful servants sever,  
But abides with them for ever,

Still defends the right;

Cometh goodness out of badness,  
Cometh soundness out of madness,  
Cometh gladness out of sadness,

Concord out of strife;

After sorrow cometh singing,  
After death shall come the ringing  
Chant of joy, our spirits bringing

To the perfect life.

Rio Pecos, Pecos River,  
Poet, kneel and thank the Giver  
Of all good, that war and riot,  
Yielding place to peace and quiet,

Now are overpast;  
And this smiling Pecos Valley,  
Scene of many an Indian sally,  
Has beheld the last.  
Nevermore from bluff or barrow  
Forth shall fly the Indian arrow,  
Hissing poisoned breath;  
Nevermore need ranger's rifle  
Teach the red man that to trifle  
With the white means death.  
Nevermore shall dusky raiders  
Hover round the pale invaders  
Of their hunting grounds;  
Brave and squaw alike departed  
Scare no more the timid-hearted  
Farmer with the sounds  
Which his ear too well construing  
Knew to mean dismay and ruin,  
As the bay of hounds  
Tells the antelopes, arousing  
Buck and does from peaceful browsing,

Sudden death is near.  
Tranquil work and quiet tillage  
Now take place of raid and pillage,  
    Treachery and fear;  
Waving fields of corn and forage  
Greet the stranger and encourage  
    Him to persevere.  
There the settler's worthy labour,  
Unrestrained by lawless neighbour,  
    Steadily proceeds,  
Changing, like some kindly fairy,  
Barren hill and arid prairie  
    Into woods and meads.  
Orchard, tilth and vineyard spreading  
Round the farmer's modest steading,  
    Gladdening his home;  
Neigh of horse and low of cattle  
Mingling with his children's prattle,  
    While the sandy loam,  
After centuries of slumber  
Wakes, the tiller's barn to cumber

With a plenteous yield;  
Teaching him no more to grumble  
At his lot and prize the humble  
    Labours of the field;  
Teaching him to shun the hollow  
Ways of men and meekly follow  
    Nature where she leads,  
Thanking her, the generator,  
Thanking humbly the Creator  
    Who his daily needs  
Thus providing, sets before him  
Table bountiful and o'er him  
    Stretches out His arm;  
He, the Guardian unsleeping,  
Evermore His servant keeping  
    Well secured from harm.  
Thank Him, farmer, for the morning,  
Thank Him for the eve's adorning,  
    Thank Him for the rain;  
Thank Him when the night is ended,  
Thank Him when the sun descended

Bringeth in its train  
Ease of labour, homeward wending,  
To the great Provider bending,  
    Thank Him once again.  
Kneel before Him, valley tiller,  
Kneel before the great Fulfiller  
    Of thy peaceful days;  
Thus thy labour vivifying,  
Thus thy living purifying,  
Thus thy dying sanctifying,  
    Give to Him the praise.

## L'ENVOI.

Thou little volume of my verse,  
Go forth, and murmur not,  
I needs must put thee out to nurse,  
For such, alas! thy lot,  
To beg thy bread from strangers' hands,  
An exile from thy home,  
A wanderer over seas and lands,  
My little book, to roam.

A slender weanling still thou art,  
Scarce fit to walk alone,  
Yet maybe none will take thy part  
Or heed thy feeble moan.  
"O, take me up!" I hear thee cry,  
"My author turns me out!"  
The busy public pass thee by,  
Or listen but to flout.



Ah, cruel fate that wills it so,  
    Dear booklet of my heart,  
I scarce can bear to see thee go,  
    Yet thou and I must part.  
Tho' for thy sake thy father stays  
    Behind thee at the Ranch,  
His love attends thee on thy ways,  
    Thou little olive-branch.

Perchance the world is not so cold  
    As thou, my book, dost fear,  
And some kind friend thy hand may hold  
    And whisper words of cheer.  
If such there be, whate'er his name,  
    Straight to his breast repair,  
Stake out within his heart thy claim,  
    And build thy homestead there.













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Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
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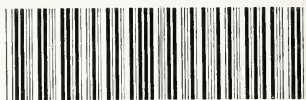
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